







Here foloweth the Interpretacyon of the names of goddis and goddesses of this  
creatyse folowynge as poetes wyte.

Ephesus is as moche to saye	as the sonne Cupido	god of loue
Appollo is the same	or elys god of lychte Orcha	goddesse of wysdom
Fortunus	shewer of diemys fortune	the variaunt goddelle
Pluto	god of helle pay	god of shepherdes
Mercur	Juge of helle Jlyp	goddelle of frute
Cerberus	porter of helle Neptunus	god of the see
Colus	the wynde or god of the ayre Mynerue	goddelle of the batayll or of harnest
Diana	goddelle of wode and chace Bacchus	god of wyne
Prote	the mane or goddelle of waters Mercurius	god of langage
Aurora	goddelle of the manowre or the spyn Venus	goddelle of loue
gynge of the daye	Disorde	goddelle of debate & styfe
Mars	god of bataylle Atropos	dethe
Jupiter	god of wysdom	
Juno	goddelle of tychelle	
Anteon	god of colde	
Ceres	goddelle of come	

Here endyth the Interpretacyon of the names  
of goddis and goddesses as is rehercyd in thys  
creatyse folowynge.



## Here becommeth this present tragedie

**W**hen this is shabbe had nre his cours  
And toward h lyd his souney take crone  
To late as pataguanas spere I had begone  
Dystryng all solitary alone beyde a late  
Shalping on a manere how h I myght make  
Veniow & sensuallite in one to accorde  
But I coude not bying abowee h monacorde

For longe it I myght slepe me gay oppresse  
So poderously I co woe make none assaile  
To myn hert was falle luche as heynesse  
I was fayne to darde to myne habytade  
To wote in a pylow me lempd best tynacle  
So laped I me downe my dilect to releue  
Anone cam in thowple & toke me by the sleue

And as I so laye half in a trauise  
Twene slepyng & wakpyng he bad me aryle  
For he lard I must reue attendaunce  
To the grete court of thynos the Justice  
He nought awapilled avey hyw to lylogyle  
For it is oft lard by thein h yet lyues  
He must nedes goo h the deuyll dirues

Whan I sawe no better but I must go  
I lard I was redy at his comaundment  
Wheder h he wolde me lede to or fro  
So up I arose & fowch wryth hyw went  
Tyll he had me brought to the parlamente  
Where Pluto late & kept his astate  
And wryth hyw thynos the Juge dysperate

But as we thydward went by the waye  
I hyw besought his name me to tell  
Thowpleus he lard h me calle maye  
A lye lard I they where do ye dwell  
To hery as in erthe as ellso in helle  
Say he lard myn abydyng most comply

Is in a lytyll corner callyd fantasie

And assone as he thysle wordes had lard  
Cerberus the porter of helle in his cherye  
Brought thyder Colus in raggs euill arayd  
Avey whom Neptun & Dyana dnd copleyne  
Sayng thus o thynos thou Juge soucreyne  
Peue thi amel Jugement apett this trayfour so  
h we may haue cause to pryse thy lorde Pluto

Then was there made a proclamacion  
In plutoes name comahaded scylence  
Vpon the payn of streyte conuiccion  
h Dyana & Neptunus myght hane andpence  
To declare ther greyf of the grete offence  
To them do by Colus wherou they copleyne d  
And to begyn Dyana was constryned

Whych thus began as ye shall here  
Sayng in this wyle o thou lorde Pluto  
In thy Juge thynos spectyng wryth the in fere  
Execute your fyny vpon Colus so  
Acordyng to the offence h be to me hach do  
That I haue no cause fether to apele  
Whych pf I do shall not be for your wele

Remember fyrst how I a goddesse pure  
Ouer all desertes foirelles & chaces  
Hane take the gydpyng & vnder my cure  
This trayfour Colus hach many of my placs  
Dyffored wryth his blasles & dayly me menas  
Where ony wode is he shall make it playne  
Pf he to his lyberte maye resorte agayne

The gretest trees that ony may may fynde  
In forest to shade the dere for ther comfort  
He bichich them alond & reterch them rotr & r  
Out of the erthe this is his disport  
So h the dere shall haue no resort  
Within shouf tyme to no manere shade  
Where thrugh the game is lyhly to fade

Whych to my name a reproche synguler



Sholde he for euer whyle the worlde laste  
And to all the goddys an hyghe displeyer  
To see the game so dystroyed by his blast  
Wherfore a remedy puruey to hast  
And let hym be punysshed after his offence  
Consydre the cyrme. & geue your sentence

And whā th<sup>e</sup> Dyana had made her compleynt  
To Hynos & Iuge in Plutoes presence  
Came forth Neptun<sup>e</sup> w<sup>th</sup> dyslage pale & feynt  
Desyryng of fauour to haue audyence  
Sayenge thus Pluto to thy magnyfycece  
I shall reherce what this creature  
Colus hath done me out of mesure

Thou knowest well that I haue the charge  
Ouer all the see. & therof god I am  
No shyp may sayle. keiuell boote nor barge  
Gret harpke. nor hulke w<sup>th</sup> ony luyngre may  
But yf he haue my lauscondypte then  
Who me offendyth w<sup>th</sup> this my Jurisdiccō  
I w<sup>th</sup> to submyt hym to my correccō

But in as moche as it is now soo  
That ye hym here haue as your prysone  
I shall you therre my compleynt soo  
Wherfore I praye you & ye woll it here  
And lete hym not escape out of your daungere  
Till he hath made ful seerch & recompence  
For hurt of my name thurgh his grette offence

first to begynne. this Colus hath ofte  
Made me to reforme my course apenst nature  
w<sup>th</sup> his grette blastis whay he hath be a losse  
And charged me to labour ferre out of mesure  
& it was grette merueyle how I myght endure  
The some of my swete woll it testifye  
That on the see bankes lych betw<sup>en</sup> full hye

Secondly where as my nature is  
Bothe to ebbe & flowe & so my course to kepe  
Oft of my entent hath he made me mys  
Where as I sholde haue fyllyd dyches depe

At a full water I myght not thider cipe  
Before my searow came to reforme agayne  
And they went I faster than I wolde certyne

Thus hath he me dyspue apenst my entent  
And contrary to my course naturall  
Where I sholde haue be he made me be absent  
To my grette dishonour & in dyspayll  
Do thyng he dled that was worst of all  
for where as I my lausgarde grauntyd  
Ay in that cost he comynly hauntyd d

Of very pure malice & of sylterwyl  
Them to dystroye in dyspyte of me  
To whom I promysed boch in good & yll  
To be her protectour in all aduersyte  
That them sholde falle vpon the see  
And curre sodenly et they coude beware  
W<sup>th</sup> a sodenly pitey he lappeth them in care

And full oft lych w<sup>th</sup> his bofious blast  
Et they myght beware he droof he on the sonde  
And ocher whyle he brake toppe saylle & mast  
Whiche caused the to perishe et they cam to lō  
They cursyd they & tyme & euer me fonde de  
Thus among the people lost is my name  
And so by his labour put I am to shame

Consyde this mater & ponder my cause  
Tender my compleynt as rygour requyryth  
Shewe forth your sentence w<sup>th</sup> a bryef clause  
I may not long tary the tyme fast expyryth  
The offence is grette wherfore it desyryth  
The more greuous paye & hasty Jugement  
for offence doo wysfully wyllyng ayntment

And, whay & god Pluto a whyle h<sup>e</sup> berthoughe  
He round w<sup>th</sup> Hynos to know what was to do  
They he sayd openly lōke thou saylle nough  
Thy sentence to geue w<sup>th</sup>out fauour so  
Lyke as thou hast berde & causes meyned & to  
And so cunly dele cōuenie thyle parties cōueny  
& none of them haue cause on & ocher cōpleyns  
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Then sayd Hygnos full Indifferently  
To Dyana & Neptun<sup>us</sup> is there any more  
That ye will declare agayn hym openly  
Say ye dede they sayd we kepe none in store  
We haue sayd ynough to punyssh hym fore  
If ye to this maister be not parcyall  
Remember your name was wont to be egall

Well then sayd Hygnos nowt lette be here  
What this boyshous Colus for hymselfe say say  
For here ymma facit to be doch apere  
That he hath offended noo may say say nay  
Wherefore thou Colus without more delay  
Shape us an answer to thys aculement  
And elsye I must procede on thy Jugement

And euen as Col<sup>us</sup> was onwarde to haue sayd  
For his excuse came in a mellengere  
For god Appollo to Pluto & hym prayd  
On his behalfe & he without daungere  
Wolde he hym come & byngre w hym to fere  
Dyana & Neptunus into his banket  
And if they disloynded hymself he wold them fere

Wherunto he sayd the god Appollo  
Deserue to haue respyt of the Jugement  
Of Colus bothe of Hygnos & Pluto  
As Dyana & Neptun<sup>us</sup> were therewith content  
And if they were dysposyd to assent  
That he myght come unto his pience  
He is despyd to knowe his offence

What say ye hereto sayd Pluto to them thre  
Will ye haue assente & it shall be thus  
Ye sayd the goddesse for my parte certeyn  
And J also sayd this Neptunus  
I am well pleyd quod this Colus  
And when they had a whyle thus togedr spoke  
Pluto commaunded the counte to be broke

And then togedr went they to fere  
Pluto & Neptunus leuyng the goddesse

Whom fololowed Cerber<sup>us</sup> with his pylonere  
And alder last with grete heynesse  
Cam J & Morpleus to the fountelle  
Of the god Appollo unto his banket  
Where many goddys & goddesles met

Whan Appollo sawe that they were come  
He was ryght glad & prayed them to syt  
Say sayd Dyana this is all & some  
Ye shall me pexdone I shall not syt yet  
I shall fyrst knowe why Colus abyt  
And what excuse thou shall on hym be do  
For his offence well sayd Appollo

Madame ye shall haue all your plesere  
Syth it wold none other wyle be  
But fyrst I you pray lete me the matere here  
Why he is brought in this perplexite  
Well sayd Pluto that shall ye soone see  
And gay to declare curysly and by  
Both ther compleyntes ordynary

And whan Appollo had herde the rporte  
Of Pluto in a manere sayng he sayd  
I see well Colus thou hast smalle comforte  
Thyself to excuse thou mayst be dismayd  
To here so grete compleyntes against the lady  
That notwithstanding if thou can say ought  
For thy owne wele saye & say nought

Forsoch sayd Colus if I had respyte  
Hereto an answer woude I countrefete  
But to haue her grace more is my delyte  
Wherefore I praye you all for me entere  
& I may by your request her good grace gete  
And what payne or greef ye for me proude  
Without any grutchyng I shall it abyde

Loe good madame sayd god Appollo  
What maye he do more but seme to your grace  
Beholde how the scrys from his eyes go



It is satisfaccy half for his trespase  
Now glorious goddesse shew your ppyous face  
To this poore prysoner at my requere  
All we for your honour thynke thus is best

And if it lyke you to do in this wyse  
And to forgyue hym clerely his offence  
One thyng I wolle you promysse  
If he oft rebelle and make resistance  
Or disobeye vnto your sentence  
For every tye that he makyth fall  
Out of the erth. as hūdryd aryle shall

So that your game shall not discrease  
For lacke of shade I dare undertake.  
Well say Appollo sayd she then wolle I feare  
Of all my rancour & mercy wyth you make  
And then god Neptunus of his mater spake  
Saying th<sup>o</sup>. Appollo though Dyana hē relese  
Yet shall he lue to me to haue his pēse

A sayd Appollo ye wende I had forgyete  
You for my lady Dyana the goddesse  
Nay thynke not so for I wolle you enterte  
As well as her wythout longe processe  
Wyll ye agree & Phebus your maysteresse  
May haue the gydnyng of your varyaunce  
I shall abyde qd he her ordynaunce

Well then qd Appollo I praye you goddis all  
And goddesses & bey here present Nota  
That ye companably wolle aborde fall  
Nay then sayd Dheia. it is not conuenient  
A due ordie in every place is exspedient  
To be had wherfore ye may not let  
To be your owne marchall at your owne ban

And whan Appollo see it wolde none other be  
He callyd to hym Aurora the goddesse  
And sayd though ye wepe yet shal ye before me  
By hepe your counle & put yourself in plesse  
So he her let fyrst at his owne messe  
W her moyst clothes wyth terys all be spreynt

The medowes in may shewe therof ther chyle vnt

Next her sat Mars myghty god and stronge  
Wyth a flāme or fyre enuyronned all about  
A crowne of ryes on his heed a spere in honde  
He lemyd by his chere as he wolde haue fouze  
And next vnto hym as I perceyue mought  
Sat the goddesse Dyana in mantell fyne  
Of blak sylk purfild wyth poudryd hermyne

Lyke as she had take the mantell & the rynge  
And next vnto her arayed ryally  
Sat the god Jupiter in his demenynge  
full sad & wyle he lemyd lykely  
A crowne of tyne stode on his heed  
And & I recorde of all phylosophies  
That lytyl store of coyne kepe in ther cofies

Joynted to hym in lpytyng nēt there was  
The goddesse Juno full ryche beseene  
In a lercote & shone as bryght as glas  
Of goldsmiths werke w spangl wrouzt by de  
Of ryal ryches wantyd she non I wene one  
And next by her sat the god Saturne  
That oft tyme causith many one to morne

But he was clad me thought straungely  
For of frost & snowe was all his aray  
In his honde he helde a sawchon all bloody  
He lemyd by his chere as he wold make a fray  
A baudrik of yfles abowt his necke gap  
He had. & about any hgyhe on his heed  
Louchid w heylstones he ware a crowne of leed

And next in ordie was set by his syde  
Ceres the goddesse in a garmente  
Of sakcloth made with sleues large & wyde  
Embroudryd wyth sheys & spychys benie  
Of all manere geynes she scalpd the patiente  
In token that she was the goddesse of come  
Olde poetes say she bereyth the heruest home

Then was there set the god Cupido

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All fashyng & galant and colly to aray  
Wych suches & rynges he was beset so  
The palpe therof shone as thouz it had be day  
A beryll of pleyasur rode ouer his helme ay  
The goddesse Ceres he lokyd in the face  
And wyth one arme he dyde her embrace

Next to Cupido in order by and by  
Of worldly wysdom late the forteresse  
Callid Ochea chert grounde of polycy  
Reueler of knyghthede of prudence & goddesse  
Clad all in purpure was she more & lesse  
Haut on her heed a crowne there rode  
Couchyd wyth perlys ayent fyne & gode

And next to her was god Pluto set  
Wych a derbe myst cunponed all aboute  
His clothyng was made of a smoky net  
His colour was both wythyn & wythoute  
Full derbe & dñme his eyen grete & shoute  
Of fyre & sulphure all his odour waas  
That wo was me while I behelde his faas

fortune the goddesse wyth her party face  
Was vnto Pluto next in order set  
Paryant she was ay in short space  
Her whele was redy to come wythout let  
Her gowne was of gawdy grene chaunclet  
Chaungeable of sondry dyuers coloures  
To the condicions accordyng of her shoures

And by her late though he vnworthy were  
The rude god Pan of sheperdes the gyde  
Clad in russet fiele & beryll lyke a bere  
Wych a grete tarboire hangyng by his lyde  
A shepwoke in his hode he spaired for no pryde  
And at his fete lay a pythepd curie  
He ratchyd in the throte as he had the murie

As the goddesse bare hym company  
For at the table next she sat by his lyde  
In a close byrtyll embowderys cunpously  
Wych braunches & leups brode large & wyde

Grene as ony grassle in the somer tyde  
Of all mancre fruyt she had the gouernaunce  
Of sauours odouiferous was her sustynaunce

Next her then was god Neptunus set  
He laoured lyke a fyssh of hy I spake before  
It lempd by his clothes as they had be wet  
About hy in his gyrdelstede hēge fysshmanys  
Of his straunge aray meruelpd I sore  
A shyp wyth a toppe & sayle was his cresse  
He thought he was garly dysgyled at h felle

Then toke Minerve the goddesse her sete  
Joyntly to Neptunus all in curas clad  
Gaullet on her hond; & labatous on her fete  
She looked euer about as thouz she had be mad  
An hamer & a lyche on her heed she had  
She wered two bokelers one by her lyde  
That oher ye wot wher chil was al her pryde

Then cam h god bach & bi her set hy downe  
Holdyng in his honde a cup full of wyne  
Of grene dyne leups he ware a Joly cowne  
He was clad in clutres of grapes good & fyne  
A garlonde of ryp be chole for his sygne  
On his heed he had a chirebare kendall hode  
Algymlot and a faulet therupon rode

Next him late phebns wyth her colour pale  
fat she was of face but of complexyon feynt  
She sayd she ruled neptun & made hy to aua  
And ones in h moeth w pheb was she meytcle  
Also ne were she. Ceres were ateynt  
Thus she sat & tolde the myght of her nature  
And on her heed she ware a crowne of syluer pu  
(re

Joyntly to her Mercurius toke his lee  
As came to his course wytnelle the zodiacke  
He had a gylden tonge as fyll for his degre  
In eloquence of langage he passyd al the pale  
For in his talkyng noman coude fynde lake  
Aboore wyth quyklyner he had in his honde  
Multipliers knowe it well in every londe



By hē late dān Den<sup>o</sup> with colour cristallyne  
Whole long here shone as wyre of golde bryzt  
Crulpe was her skynne & her eyen columbyne  
Rauylshyd myn herte her chere was so lyght  
Patronesse of plesaunce be named wel she myzt  
A smocke was her wede garnysht curiously  
But aboute all othyr she had a wanton cy

On her heed she ware a reed copie crowne  
A nolegay she had made full plesauntly  
Betwixt her & Aurora. Appollo set hē downe  
In his beames bryght he shone so feruently  
That he therewith gladed all the company  
A crowne of pure golde was on his heed set  
In sygne hē he was mayster & lorde of hē banket

Th<sup>o</sup> was hē table set rounde aboute Nota  
In goddys & goddesses as I haue you tolde  
Awaptyng on the boorde was a grette route  
Of sage philosophres & poetes many folde  
There was sad Sychero & Aristotle olde  
Tholome Doiche & Pyrogenes  
Plato Melchala & wyle Sociates

Sorites & Saphir<sup>o</sup> in hermes stode behynde  
Antey & Auctors wyth them were in fere  
Calien & Ppocras hē phylph haue in mynde  
In helpe of Esculapion toward them drew ney  
Virgile Orace Ouid and Omet  
Euclide & Alberte paue ther attendaunce  
To do the goddes & goddesses plesaunce

How bearded Dyphe<sup>o</sup> was there with his harpe  
And as a poete muscally made he melody  
Othyr mystryl had they non<sup>o</sup> as pay gay carf  
Of his lewde bagpye hē causyd the company  
To lauz. yet many mo were yf I shold not ly  
Some yonge some olde bothe better & worse  
But mo of ther names can I not reherse

Of all maner depntes there was habundance  
Of metis & drynkis forlon plectuous  
In came discorde to haue made dayaunce

But there was no come to set her in hē house  
The goddys remembryd the scylme odious  
Amonge the thre goddesses hē she had wrought  
At the fest of Peleus wherfore they thought

They wolde not wyth her dele in auenture  
Lest she them brought to some in conuenient  
She seying th is was wroth out of melure  
And in grette wrathe oute of the palays went  
Sayeng to herselfe hē chere sholde they repent  
And anone in Atropos happyd she to mete  
As he had be a ghost came in a wofyng chere

She toke hē by the honde & rowned in his ere  
And tolde hē of the banket hē was so delicate  
How she was receyued & what chet had she chet  
And how eury god late in his astate  
Is it th<sup>o</sup> sayd Atropos what in deuylls date  
Well he sayd I se well how she game gooch  
Ones for your sake shal I make them wroth

And whan she had hym all togyder tolde  
From her he departyd & of her toke his leue  
Sayeng hē for her sake his way take he wolde  
In to the palays his maters to mene  
And et he thens went he towrd them to grem  
Wyth luche tydynges as he sholde them tell  
So forth in he went & spake wordes fell

Whan he came in the pience of the goddis all  
As he had be wood he lokyd hym aboute  
His sheit from his body downe he let fall  
And on a rude maner he saluted all the route  
Wyth a bolde voys carpyng wordes stoute  
But he spake all holowe as it had be one  
Had spoke in a nother world hē had wo begone

He stode forth boldly with gryn countenaunce  
Sayeng on this wyle as ye shall here  
All ye grette goddys pene attendaunce  
Vnto my wordes wythout all daunge: e  
Remembrehow ye made me your offyce  
All cho wyth my darte synally to chastyse

That you disloyed or wold your la to dispyle

And for the more sure ye sealed my patent  
Gyving me full power so to occupy  
Wherby I have employed myn entent  
And that can none Nature well testyfy  
If she be exampled she wold it not deny  
For whan she created ony creature  
I say as why to take hym to my cur

Thus have I duely wryth all my diligence  
Executed the offyce of olde antiquite  
To me by you grauntid by your comyn sentence  
For I sparyd none hyge nor lowe degree  
So that as my part now defaithur hath be  
For as soone as ony to me comytted was  
I move hym to f better he had none other gras

Scith of Troy for all his chynalry  
Alexander the grete & myghty conquerour  
Julius Cesar wryth all his company  
Dauid myn Isur myn worship Arthur  
Charles the noble & was so grete of honour  
Da Judas Machaber for all his true hert  
And Godfrey of Boleyn wode me not assent

Nabuzodonosor for all his grete pryde  
And the kynge of Egypte the cruel pharao  
Jolop ne Hercules went they never so wyde  
Caldeas Hamhall nor gentyll Sypro  
Cyrus Achilles or many a nother mo  
For syne or foule gaste of me no grace  
But al be at the last. I leied them w my mace

Thus have I brought every creature  
To my ende whiche may fynde foule & best  
And every other thyng to whom nature  
Hath ony Jurisdictione cheyr moost or lest  
Except ony one to whom your behest  
Do to me leide for ye me promysed  
That my myst of non shold have be dispysed

Wherof the contrary daunt I well avowde

Is true for our there is that wold not apply  
Unto my correction nor in no wyse bowe  
To the dynt of my dait for dole nor despay  
What comfort he hath nor the cause why  
That he so rebellyth I can not thynke of ryse  
But if ye have by grauntid your alders lufcon  
Oryge

And if ye so have they do ye not as goddys  
For a goddys wrytynge may not reuertyd be  
If it sholde I wold not yewe two psecoddys  
For graunt of your patent of offyce nere of fee  
Wherfore in this matere do me equyte  
Accordynge to my patent. for tyll this be doo  
Ye have nomot my scrulle ne my good wyl loo

And whan all f goddys had Attiopus herde  
As they had be wood they brayde by attonys  
And layd they wold not rest til he wer conquerid  
Taken & distroyed body blood & bones  
And f they swore grete othes for the nones  
That lawe to dispyle f was so malapert  
They sayd he shold be taught for to be so pert

Well sayd Appollo if he on the erthe be  
W my wrytynge chare I shall hym confounde  
In faryth qd Neptuneus & if he kepe the see  
He may be full sure. he shall soone be drownede  
As I sayd Mars this have we well fownde  
That ony disloyed our godly precept  
We may well thynke we have to longe slepe

But neuerthelesse wher I maye hym fynde  
W thons & lyghtnyng about I shall hym chace  
And I qd Saturnus before and behynde  
W my better colde shall shewe by harde grace  
Well sayd Mercurius if I may see his face  
For ever of his speche I shall hym depyue  
So f hym were better be deed than a lyur

Pe quod Othen yet maye he well be  
In the ayre wher he wyl & are you no leue  
Wherfore my counsell is that all we  
May entreate Neptune his rancon to foryeue



And then I doubt not Lofe wyll hym myscheue  
So may ye be sure he shall you not escape  
And els of all your angre wolle he make but a

Jape

But for to telle you how Colus was brought  
In daunger of Pluto yet had I forgotte  
Wherfor on this matere tender wolle I nought  
Procede till I therof have knowledge you lete  
It selle on a daye the weder was wele  
And Colus thought he woulde on his disport  
Goo to reioyce his sprynges & comfort

He thought he woulde se what was in the gouldre  
And in caners forth he gan hym dresse  
A drowche had the erthe late before founde  
That caused it to chyne & make more & lesse  
Sodenly by weel consydered by dwelle  
Was the gouldre to close his superficial face  
So streyde he to scape Colus had no space

This seying Colus he still mychyn abode  
Behyng wher he myght have gon out fere or nere  
Anone he was alpped & one to Pluto rode  
And tolde hym how Colus was in his daungre  
Then sayd he to Cerber? let me he pryloner  
Till I have hym seyn let hym nor go at large  
As thou wolt answer of hym I prue he charge

Thus was this Colus take pryloner  
Then happyd it so he the same daye  
Pluto had presyred for a grete mater  
Mynde to lye in his robe of raye  
Wherfore Cerberus toke the next way  
And lad hym to the place where the court shalbe  
Whed as I tolde you Morpleus brought me

So thyder came Dyana caryed in a carie  
To make her compleynt as I tolde you all  
& so dyde Neptun? he doth both make & marre  
Walowyng in his waxes & cōblyng as a ball  
Ther mats they mewed fall what may befall  
Ther was the first syght he ever I them sawe  
And yf I neuer doo est I reche not a swawe

But now to my matere to retorne agayn  
And to begynne newe. wher I left  
Whay all the goddys had done ther besy payn  
They weyte to contynue how he shoulde be left  
Of his lye he Actiopes had noo cause est  
To chylperu. then phebun stert upon her fete  
And sayd I pray you let me speke a word yete

When mychyn well to scape on this wyse  
But al to enterte Neptunus I hope shall not me  
He saynch I alone darst take he enteryple de  
Et I am begyled or ellys I shall spede  
How say ye Neptun? shall I do this dede  
Wyll ye your rancour lesse at my request  
Madame qd he rulych me as you lytheth best

Stamercy sayd he of your good wyll  
That it pleasech you to lyeve me that favour  
Wherfor the goddys hve pleasure to fulfyll  
Performe my desyre & leue all olde rancour  
Foral our aiders wele & lauryng of our honour  
Agayn this Colus he ye longe have had  
It is done qd he forsoch they am I glad

Sayd he now then Colus be he to vs tiew  
Espe well the ayre & our grete rebell  
May we then loone cuer to vs suddens  
Yes & that quod Colus shall ye here tell  
Nowhere in the ayre shall he rest nor dwell  
Yf he do therof put me in the fawer  
Wyth my bytter blastes. so shall I hym assaure

What sayd the god Pluto what is his name  
That thus presumch agayn do to rebell  
Hertur qd actiopes he have he moche shame  
He is neuer confounded. thus of him here I tell  
A sayd this Pluto. in dede I knowe hym well  
He hath be ever myo detter enemye  
Wherfor this mater agayn hym take wolle I

For all the baytes he ye for hym have layde  
Wythout myo helpe ben not worth a pette  
For though ye all the contrary had sayde

That wold he hadde yve wythe your alghten er  
In manner of chynge two by þat was bere  
Saw only our a love of my baddest  
Whyle name in byr he keppe my baddest

Wherfor you Cerberus now I þ discharge  
Of Linc & wold that thou bester ferre  
Why dost thou byr & laye that I þin charge  
That he to me come without any lette  
Therfor all payntes for a daye to lette  
That he wyth vertue for all the goddes sake  
In our bestur must on byr bataylle take

Forth they went Cerberus in his fery chere  
And broughte they byr as he comelard was  
Elyght noble vertue þ bataylle to deyege  
On a gliding serpent ryding a grete pas  
Fanned lyke a dragon scold hard as glas  
Whose mouth flamed fye without fayll  
Wynges had it serpentyne & a longe fayll

Armed was byr all in cur boyle  
Harde as any borne blacker ferre than loce  
By wagaubly sent folowed him porde  
Of unhappy captyens of mycheyf cap & rode  
Peyre was þ fress þ next byr rode god wote  
On a ruyng lyon next to whom came capte  
Bytting on a walf he had a scornfull ey

Wrach bestrade a wyld boar & next byr gay ride  
In his hounde he bare a bledy malye fawne  
Next to whom cam conctyle þ god so fer & wyde  
Riding on an chynhall as he had ben alme  
After whom rode gloomy in his fat hounde  
Bytting on a harr with his grete hely  
And next byr on a godd fole wyld lechery

Slowly was so slow he came all behynde  
Over walf alle a full wery pale  
These were the captyens byr comde fynde  
Wold to let his folde & folow on the chafe  
In his pety captyens many mo ther wale  
Reddylode synny & byr malacyon

Spanlaugher murder theft & extortion

Arrogance presumption wyth contumacy  
Contempcion contemp & inobedynce  
Malice frowardnes grete jelacy  
Wodnesse hate stryfe & Impacynce  
Unkynnesse oppellion in woful negligence  
Spumour mycheyf fallshede & detraccon  
Durt perjury lye & adulation

Drongt raupne hardy violence  
Fale Jugement wyth obstynacy  
Discreit demerence & Improuidence  
Boldnes in yll wyth foule & rybdowp  
Fornycatcon Incest & enoutre  
Unchastitee wyth prodigalite  
Blasphemy dernglopy & worldly vanpity

Ignorance dysfydenre wyth Jpocally  
Deysne rancour debate & offence  
Fetche error wyth ydolatre  
New sangynesse & subtyll fole pretense  
Inobynat desyre of worldly excellense  
Feyned powerte wyth apostasy  
Dysclauder loome & unkynde jelousy

Goodwille hardy false mayntenance  
Excuse abulyon & pety berbery  
Unpachy wyth heurble heugraunce  
Came alder last of that company  
All thyle pety captyens folowed by & by  
Shewyng themself in the palays wyde  
And sayd they were redy þ bataylle to abyde

Joynele let the comys in arape  
Without the palays on a fayr felde  
But there was an hoste for to make a fraye  
I coud luche a nother neuer man debelde  
Many was þ wepy among the þ they welde  
What people they were þ came to þ dispoite  
I shall you declare of many a sondry soure

There were hosters braggers & bryboies



Praters facers flitchers & wythers  
Shamefull shakers fol cys shaueldores  
Oppressors of people & myghy trahers  
Maynteyours of quackles horrible lers  
Theues traytours wyth falsc heretikes  
Charmeris sorcerers & many lesymatikes

Purp symonpakes wyth falsc vsurers  
Gulchyspers corne wallers & clippers  
Wrongc blumpers wyth grete extorponers  
Dalkypers glosers saye flatters  
Gulchypers mutmurers wyth grete clatters  
Treggours triphlers seyners of tales  
Lasspous ludepys & pikers of males

Rowners vagabundes forgers & cleyngers  
Robbers reuers rauensoule rylers  
Choppers of chyches synders of cydynge  
Warers of matters and mony makers  
Stalbers by nyght wyth eueldroppers  
Fyghters drawlers bickers of loutedayes  
Getters chyders caulets of frapes

Citpuyles tyrantes wyth tormentours  
Curys apostatis reygrous dispensers  
Closters cardes wyth conys basardours  
Tribune coloppis & purscheters  
Dillary knyghtes double tollinge myllers  
Say Joly caplens wyth hostlers of the strewes  
Hoovers & bandes that many hale hertes

Bolde blasphemers wyth falsc ypocrites  
Droghellers brokers abhomynable swetes  
Dyuelles dastardes dyspysers of ryghtes  
Homycides porlainers & conys murderers  
Scolers captyles & comberoule clappers  
Poalainers enchauntours wyth falsc renegates  
Boepil ambidexters & lechers of debates

Pseudo prophetes falsc sodomites  
Quidmers of chyldren wyth founpactours  
Wpewoldes & lustre synne in ther ryghtes  
Buousters & abhomynable anauntours

Of syne gret clappers & makers of clamours  
Dycheys & vnlustes came also to that game  
W lusk & lozellis & myst not chyne for sham

Thyle were the comyns came thys & day  
Redy bowne to batayll vertue to abyde  
Appollo then beholding began sai to say  
To the godd & goddesses byng there & tye  
He semyth conuenient ay herowde to tye  
To vertue & byd to batayll make hym dome  
Hyselt to defende forsoch it shall be lone

And letc hym not be sodenly take  
All dysgurneped or they be be ware  
For chynne sholde our dyshonour awake  
If he were cowardly take in a snare  
Pe quod dyer for & hane I no care  
I woll anauntage take where I may  
That herynge Morpleus pryncy stale away

And went to warne vertue of all this astrap  
And bad hym awake & make hyselt strong  
For he was lyke to endure that daye  
A grete mortall shoute er it were enlonge  
Wyth dyer wherfore he bad hym not longe  
Tary to sende after more locour  
If he orde it sholde tounne hym to dolour

And hurstly the matter to hym he declared  
Lyke as ye hane herde begynnynge & ende  
Well quod vertue he shall not be sparyd  
To the felde I woll wende how it wende  
But gametty Morpleus mys ome dert fronde  
Of your tye bert & fapchall enent  
That ye in this matter to merward chaw ment

This done Morpleus departyd away  
fro vertue to & palays retourning agayn  
None hys alpyd & I dare well say  
In whiche tyme vertue orde his bely payn  
People to reyle his querell to mentayn  
Punagynacy was his messengere  
He went to warne people bothe ferre & nere

And had they come to all the hast they myght  
As to strength virtue for without fayll  
He sayd he shoulde haue longe ex it were myght  
Wych dyer to do a myghty stronge batayll  
Of magnyficence grete he byngeth a longe taylor  
Wherfore it behoueth to helpe at this nede  
And after this shal vertue rewarde your mede

Whan Imagynacy had goon his croupe  
To vertues friends thus all aboute  
Wich shoulde many men of myghte  
Gadryd to vertue in all that they moue  
They him comforted & had hym put no doute  
His better crump dyer to ouerthrowe  
Thou he w<sup>th</sup> h<sup>is</sup> brought neuer so grete arowe

And whan vertue se the substance of his hoost  
He prayd al the comyns to the felde then h<sup>is</sup>  
Wych ther pety capteyns both lest & moost  
And w<sup>th</sup> his capteyns shoulde folowe redyly  
For he sayd he knewe well h<sup>is</sup> dyer was ful ny  
A who myght first of h<sup>is</sup> felde recouer the centre  
Wold kepe out h<sup>is</sup> other he shold not elyly entre

They sent he forth haptyn to the felde before  
And prayd hym hertly it to ouerle  
That nomaner maye nor caltrop theris were  
To nore nor hurt hym nor his meyne  
And whan he thider came he began to le  
Hows dyer his pursuuant capteyn orygnall  
Was entred before & had scaled by ad

But allone as betw<sup>ix</sup> haptyn had a syght  
He fled fast awaye & left the felde alone  
And anon haptyn entred wych his myght  
Herching al aboute wher this capteyn had gone  
But h<sup>is</sup> felde was cleue defa<sup>u</sup>er sonde he none  
They came vertue after wych his grete hoost  
And his myghty capteyns both lest & moost

But to ensaunce you how he dyer cam  
And what maner capteyns he to h<sup>is</sup> felde brought  
Spawell spawell was the first man

Of all his grete hoost h<sup>is</sup> thider warde sought  
Sperryng in a chare h<sup>is</sup> rychely was wrought  
Wych golde & perles & gemmes precyous  
Crowned wych lawer as loide dyctorious

Four doughty knyghtes abowte h<sup>is</sup> chare went  
At euery corner one it for to gyde  
And conley accordyng to vertues entent  
At the first corner was ryghtwysnesse h<sup>is</sup> tyde  
Prudence at the seconde was set to abyde  
At h<sup>is</sup> third strengch h<sup>is</sup> fourth kept temperaunce  
Thyle the chare gyded to vertues pleiaunce

Next to the chare. vii. capteyns there rode  
Echone after other in order by & by  
Hunt'p<sup>er</sup> was the first a lambe he bestrode  
Wych countenaunce deuure he rode full soberly  
A sawcon gentyll stode on his helme ay by  
And next after him came there charyte  
Rydyng on a tye as fyll to his degre

Rody as a rose ay he kept his chere  
On his helme ay h<sup>is</sup> pely can he bare  
Next who cam patience h<sup>is</sup> nowbet hath no pet  
On a camell rydng as vopde of all care  
A fenix on his helme stode so forth gay he fare  
Who next hym folowd but lybertye  
Sitt'g on a diomedari h<sup>is</sup> was both gode & fre

On his helme for his crest he bare an olpiay  
And next after hym folowed abstinence  
Rydyng on an harte was trappured & agy  
He semyd a loide of ryght grete excellence  
A popynay was his crest he was of gret defen  
Next h<sup>is</sup> folowed chastite on an wyngorne  
Armed at all poyntes behynde & before

A turtldoue he bare on h<sup>is</sup> for his crest  
They came gode besynesse last of chole. vii.  
Rydyng on a pantere a sondry coloured best  
Gloriously belect as he had come fro heven  
A crane on his heed stode his crest for to stene  
All thyle. vii. capteyns had standayden of price



Eche of them accordyng after his deuyse

Many pety capterys after thele went  
As true fayth & hope mercy peas & pyte  
Ryght trowth mekenesse wth good entent  
Goodnes concorde & perfyte vnyte  
Honest true loue wth symplycite  
Prayer fastyng preuy alme dede  
Iopned wth the artycles of the crede

Confessyon contricion & satisfaccyon  
Wth sorowe for synne & grete repentaunce  
forueynesse of trespass wth good disposicion  
Relpence of wronge performyng of penaunce  
holy deuocyon wth good contynuaunce  
Dyethode them folowed wth the sacramentis  
And sadnesse also wth the conuadementis

Suffraunce to trouble wth Innocency  
Clennesse continence & vrgynyte  
Ryynesse reuerence wth curtey  
Contente & pleyd wth pyteous pouerte  
Entendyng well mynystryng equityte  
Twene ryght & wronge hole Indifferency  
And labouryng the scruple of god to multiply

Refuse of rychelesse & worldly daynglor  
Perfeccyon wth perfyte contemplacyon  
Relygyon professyon well kept in memory  
Very drede of god wth holy pedyracyon  
Celestyall saprence wth ghostly Inspyracyon  
Grace was the gode of all this grete meyn  
Whom folowed cūnyng wth his genealogy

That is to say gramer & sophistry  
Philosophy naturall logyk & rethorik  
Arithmetry geometry wth astronomy  
Canon & cyule melodorous musyk  
Noble theology & corporall physyk  
Moralysacyon of holy scripture  
Profounde poetry & drawyng of pycture

These folowed cūnyng & chyde w hys o m

Wth many one mo offeryng ther scruple  
To vertu at h nede but norwysstandyng the  
Some he refulsd & layd in no wyle  
They sholde w hys go & as I coude auple  
Thyle were ther names first nygramancy  
Geomancy magyk & glocony

Adriomancy onomancy wth piromancy  
Fylenomy also and palmistry  
And all ther sequels yf I shall not ly  
Pet cūnyng prayed vertu he wolde not deny  
Them for to knowe nor dysderyne w his cy  
Ov them to loke wherto vertu graunted  
Hou be it to his werr he wold not they haūted

So bad they cūnyng lychly to departe  
from vertus felde & they seeng this  
By comys assent hyed them a carte  
And made them be carped towarde vper ryde  
frothensforth to serue h they wold not mys  
full loch they werr to be maysterles  
To thede of better the worse there they ches

But forth to relese all the remenaunce  
Of pety capterys h wth vertu were  
Moderate dyete & wysdom auenaunce  
Euen wys & melure ware of contagious grete  
Loth to ofende & lounyng ap to lere  
Worship & profyt wth mythe in manere  
Thyle pety capterys w vertu were to lere

Comens them folowed a grete multitude  
But to comparysyn to that other spde  
I trowe there was not brekly to conlude  
The tenth may that batayll to abyde  
Pet neuerthelesse I shall not fro you hyde  
What maner people they were & of what sect  
As next as my wpt thereto wyll me dyrecte

There were notable & famous doctours  
Example reuers of luyng gacious  
Perpetuell prechis & dyscreet confellours  
Of holy scripture declarys fructuous

Members of synne & mylkenes adyons  
Fylhers of soules & lours of clennes  
Dyspylers of deys & worldly tyches

Deuylble prelates Justiciall gouernours  
Foundis of chyrches wch mercyful petres  
Refrauncers of wronge of ther progenytours  
Ow paynfull poudre pytous compassyoneres  
Well menyng marchauntes w tu actyfycces  
Wygyns pure and also Innocentes  
Holy matrones wch chaste continentes

Prigymys & palmers wch true laborers  
Holy heremytes good solycitous  
Monasterial monkes & wel disposyd freres  
Chanons & nonnes fapthfull professours  
Of worldly people true conuugatours  
Lours of Crille confounders of yll  
And all þ to godwarde prue her good wyll

Martyrenours of ryght very penytentis  
Dyltroyers of erour causers of vnyte  
True actyfe lymers þ let ther ententis  
The dedes to persourme of mercy & pyte  
Contemplatyf people þ desyre to be  
Solitary seruauntes vnto god allone  
Rad thay to haboude w rychelle emerychone

Thysle w many mo than I reherce can  
Were come thycher redy þ hatayll to abyde  
And take luche parte as fyll to vertue thay  
Dyce to overcome they hoped for all his pryde  
All though þ he had more people on his syde  
For the meny þ vertue had were full sure  
To trust on at nede & clynunge to armure

Macocolme was the name of the felde  
Where this grette hatayll was set for to be  
To þ myddes therof made conspence & behelde  
Whiche of them shold be brought to captiuyte  
Of þ noble tryumphe Iuge wolde he be  
Syndersys late hym wch closed w a parke  
W his cables w his honde ther dedes to marke

To come to the felde were highe ways fyne  
Free to both parties large brode & wyde  
Vertu wold not tary but hyed hþ thys blyue  
Leest he were by dyce dysceyued at that tyde  
Long out of the felde lothe he was to abyde  
To auenture þ he out of it were not kepte  
For they wold he thynke he had to long slepe

This meane tyme whyle vertu thus prouyded  
For hym & his people the felde for to wyne  
He charged euery man by grace to be gyded  
And all þ euer myght the felde to cncie w  
In all that season went onygyrnall synne  
To lete dyce knowe how baptyzm w his hoste  
Had entred macocolme & serched euery colte

A sayd dyce they see I well it is tyme  
Baners to display & standerdes to auance  
Almost tolong haddest thou tarped tyme  
To let vs haue knowlege of thisputrefaunce  
Pet I knowe I shal lette hym a newe dafce  
Wherefore I comaunde you all wthout delay  
Toward þ felde drawe w all the gaste pe may

They sayd þ god Pluto þ all meny myght here  
Dyce I the charge as thou wolt elchew  
Our heuyous Indrygnacō þ drawe not aere  
Vnt put the forth boldly to ouerthrow vertue  
In fapth quod attropos & I shal after lew  
For yt he escape your bondes this day  
I tell you my seturce haue losse for ap

Forth they rode dyce w all his holt strength  
Ow his stede serpentyne as I tolde you before  
The host þ hym folowed was of gret length  
Among whō wer penous & gnitors many a scot  
But er he went thysward I shal you tell moe  
Of his pety capitanys he made many a knyzt  
For they shold not fle but manly w hym fyt

He dubbyd fallhode wch dysymulacō  
Symony vnyte wrong & rybarody  
Malpce dysceyte lye wthout extorcō



Periury diffydence and apostasy  
Wpth boldnesse to yll to here their company  
Thysle. xiiij. knyghtes made vnce that daye  
To wyne ther spors they sayd they wold assay

In lyke wyse vertue dubbed on his syde  
Of his pety capteyns other fourtene  
Whiche made ther auow wpth hym to abyde  
Ther spores wold they wyne þ day it shold be  
Thise were ther names yf it be as I wene. Iene  
fayth hope & mercy trowth & also ryght  
Wpth resyltence of wronge a ful hayrdp wyzt

Confessyon contriccion wpth latylfaccyon  
Very drede of god perfourmyng of penaunce  
Perfectory cummyng & good dysposicion  
And all knyghte to vertue they were by alpaunce  
Wherfore to hym they made assuraunce  
That felde to kepe as long as they myght  
And in this queiell agayn vnce to fygge

The lord of macrocosme & ruler of that see  
Was callyd fierwyl chaunger of the chaunce  
To whom vertue sent embassatours thre  
Relov discrecion & good remembraunce  
& prayed hþ be fauorable his honour senhaunce  
for but he had his fauour at þ poynt of nede  
he stode in gret doute he coude not lyztly spede

In lyke wyse vnce embassatours thre  
for his party vnto fierwyl sent  
Temptacyon foly and sensualyte  
Prayeng hym of fauour þ he wolde assent  
To him as he wolde at his comaundement  
haue hym efcsonys whay he lyst to call  
Do hþ for ony thyng þ afterwarde myzt fall

Answeere pauc he none to neyther party  
Saue only he sayd the batayll wold he se  
To wyte whyche of them shold haue þ victory  
It hyng in his balaunce the ambeguyte  
he sayd he wold not restreyn his lyberte  
Whay he came where sorow shold awake

They it shold be know what part he wold ta  
the

Whay vertue & vnce by ther ambassatours  
Knew of this and were they stode in gret doute  
Netheles they sayd they wold endure tho shou  
& make an end shortly of þ they wet aboute us  
So forth came vnce wpth all his gret route  
Et he came at the felde he sent per vryuely  
Sensualyte before in maner of a spy

Whiche saw the felde wþ his unkynde lede  
That causyd vertue after moche wo to fele  
for therof grewe nought but all oonly wede  
Whiche made the grounde as lypper as an ele  
he wente apen to vnce & to lde hym euery dele  
how he had done & bad hym come away  
for he had so purueyd þ vnce shold haue þ day

So as it happed at the felde they met  
fierwyl vertue & vnce as tripartite  
Saaf vertue a lyl before the felde had gete  
And els his auauitage forsoth had be ful lyght  
Not for they encombred so was neuer wyght  
As vertu & his men were wþ the ranke wede  
That in the felde grewe of sensualytes lede

But allone as vnce of vertue had a syght  
he gay swage gonnies as he had bey wod e  
That heryng vertue comaunded euery wyght  
To pauple hym vnder the sygne of the rode  
& bad them not drede. but kepe styll wher they  
It was but a shoue shold lone confoude stode  
Wherfor he comaunded them stonde & kepe ther  
grounde

And whay vnce came next to the felde  
he callyd loze for bowes & bad them shote fast  
But vertu & his meyne bare of wþ the shelde  
Of þ blessed triump ay tyll shot was past  
& whay shot was done vnce came forth at last  
purposyng the felde wpth assaite to wyte  
but vertu kept it long he myzt not entre therin

All þ tyme fierwyl stode & hym bethoughte

B h

To whyche he myght leue & what part he wold  
He last sensualite had him so ferre brought take  
He sayd playnly he vertue wolde forsake  
And to vyces quarrell all his power make  
Iwys qd reason he is not for the beste  
As he sayd fiewyll I wyl do as me lyst

Vertue was full heuy whan he se fiewyll  
Take part wryth vyce but yet neuerthelesse  
He dyde he might the felde to kepe styll  
Till vyce w fiewyll so sore gay hym oppresse  
That he was constrained clerly by dwelle  
A lpyll tyme abache to make abew recte  
All thyng consyded it was the best fete

First to remembre how vyces parte was  
Tey apent one stronger by lpyllnesse  
And then how fiewyll was wryth hym alas  
Who coude demit vertue but in heuynesse  
Wherouer to thynke how he sllyper glasse  
That of sensualyte his vnkynde lede grew  
Vnder softe in stondyng encombred destry

Yet notwithstanding vertues men all  
Nobely them haue & taught myghtely  
How be it the sllyper glasse made many of he  
And from thens in maner depart sodenly fall  
He seing vyces hoost began to shoute & cry  
& sayd on in plutoes name on & al is oure  
For this day shal vyce be made a conqueroure

Th' vertu was by myght of vyce & fiewyll  
Dreyned out of the felde it was the more ppte  
How be it per baptym kepte his grounde styll  
And wryth hym abode sayth hope & vyte  
And clynge also wryth compys a gret meyne  
Confessyon conficow were redy at ther honde  
And sayssacow vyce to wrythstonde

But all the tyme while vertue was away  
A myghty conflict kept they wryth vyces route  
And yet neuertheles for all he gret affray  
Hope stode vpryght & sayth wolde neuer loute

And euermore sayd baptym spyes put no doute  
Verte shall retourne & haue his entente  
This felde shall be ours & elles let me be shene

& while thile pety capteys susteyned th' he felde  
In vertue his rewarde came good perseuerance  
A huge myghty hoste & whan he behelde  
How vertue he wrythdrew he toke displeaunce  
& whā he to he cam he sayd ye shal your chaunce  
Take as it falleth wherfore retorne ye must  
Yet ones for your sake in vyce shal I Just

Alas that euer ye sholde lede thus your honour  
And therwryth also he byghe perpetuell crowne  
Whyche is for you kept in the celestall tour  
Wherfore be ye called Cristis champpone  
How is it that ye haue no compasspone  
On baptym sayth & hope clynge & vyte  
He stonde so harde bestad & fyghe as ye may see

All the trelour erthly vnder the firmament  
That euer was made of goddis creatow  
To reward them euynly were not equyalent  
For ther noble labour in his afflycown  
Wherfore take vpon you your Jurisdicow  
Rescu yonder knyghtes & reconyru fyghe  
& elles a du your crowne for all your gret myght

In thyle & luche wordes as I haue you tolde  
Bi good perseuerance vittied in this wyle  
Vertu hym remembred & gay to were bolde  
And sayd pone true knyghtes to rescu I auple  
Let vs no lenger tary from this enterpryse  
Agayn to the felde too vertue returned  
He caused hem be mery he long afor had moined

Auaunt baner quod he in the name of Ihesu  
And w that his people set vp a gret shoute  
And cryed wryth a loude voyce a vertu a vertu  
Ther began vyces hoste for to lobe aboute  
But I crowe perseuerance was not long wout  
He bashed his swerde in his foes blood  
The boldest of them all not ones hym wstood



Constance him folowed & brought h<sup>e</sup> his spet  
But whan pleuraunce sawe vyce on his stede  
Noman coude hym let tyll he came there  
for to bid hym ryde I knowe it was no nede  
All vertues host prayed for his good spede  
Agayn vyce he rode with his grete shaft  
And hym ouerthrewe for all his subtill craft

That seeng frowyll came to conscience  
And gan hym to repent & he w<sup>h</sup> hym had be  
Praying hym of counseyl for his grete offence  
That he ayenst vertue had made his arme  
What was best to do to humylyte  
So conscience must & go so he h<sup>e</sup> chyder sent  
Dysguyled & he were not knowen as he went

And whan he th<sup>o</sup> came humylyte hym toke  
A token & bad hym goo to confessyon  
And shewe hym his matere w<sup>h</sup> a pytous lorde  
Whycher done he hym sent to confycyon  
And fro thensforth to skypfaccyon  
Th<sup>o</sup> fro post to pylar was he made to daunce  
And at last he went forth to penaunce

But now to tell whan vyce was ouerthrow  
A gret part of his host abowte h<sup>e</sup> gay rloste  
But he was so feble & he coude noman know  
And whan they se & they knew no comfote  
But carped hym away by a pryup porte  
And as they h<sup>e</sup> carped dyspayre w<sup>h</sup> hym met  
w<sup>h</sup> vyce his iewarde he cam them for to fet

They came ther doune goodly ladies tweyne  
from the hye heuen aboue the firmament  
And sayd & grete Alpha & o moost souerayn  
for & noble tyumphe had them chyder sent  
One of them to dryue vyce to grete torment  
W<sup>h</sup> a fyre stronge & she bare in her honde  
And so he dyde dyspayr & all his hoolle bonde

The name of this lady was callyd prestience  
She neuer left vyce ne none & wold h<sup>e</sup> folow  
Tyll they were compted by & dypune sentence

All to payn perpetual & Inkynte sorowe  
Ryngwylkes wet to se & no ma thold h<sup>e</sup> howe  
Thus al entred sharply wet they t<sup>o</sup>l ether  
had them belhyt w<sup>h</sup>thys his pates tenebrus

& all & whyle & prestience w<sup>h</sup> her scourge smert  
To iewarde vyce gan her thus occupp  
W<sup>h</sup>th all his holt bende after ther desert  
& other glouspous lady & cam fro heuen on hy  
haupng in her honde the palme of vycory  
Cam doune to vertu & toke h<sup>e</sup> to the present  
Sapeng thus & Alpha & oo hath hym sent

And as ferre as I a ryght coude vndrstande  
That ladies name was predestinacyon  
Vertue & his hoste she bleysyd w<sup>h</sup> her honde  
And in heuen grauntid them habitacion  
Wherto eche of them ieward was a crowe  
She sayd in token & they Inscriptours  
Of the glory were & gracious conquerours

Whycher done the ladies togyd agayn met  
And toward heuen by they gan to fly  
Embraced in arms as they had be knet  
Togeder w<sup>h</sup>th a gredyll but soo sodenly  
As they wer vanisid sawe I neuer th<sup>g</sup> w<sup>h</sup> ry  
And anone vertue w<sup>h</sup> all his company  
Knelyd doune & thankyd god of & vycory

Yet had I torete whan vyce was ouerthrowe  
To haue tolde you how many of vyces host  
Gay to seke peas & darkyd doune full lowe  
And besought mercy what so euer it cost  
To be ther mene to vertu els they wer but lost  
& some in lyke wile to faryth & hope sought  
What to do for peas they sayd they ne tought

Som also to baptyse sewed to be ther mene  
Som to one som to other as them grete myght  
but all to confessyon went to make them clene  
& as they cam to conscience be the bad go lyse  
Er thay olde attwpos of them had a lryght  
for yf he so them toke lost they were for euer

He sayd wyte to forsake is better late than neuer

Some the for socour drem to circelpon  
But by hys coude they gete but smalle fauour  
For he in the company was had but in derisyon  
Nevertheless to saye he had them go labour  
Pearing them for old aquestaunce them socour  
Well of saye for his sake I shall do & I may  
But first to þ best way baptym go ye to do

for by hys lonest shall ye recouer grace  
Wherby shall to vertue bring you by processe  
Wherfore in ony wyse lobe ye make good face  
And let no man knowe of your heynesse  
So they wer by baptym brought out of dystresse  
Comed al to vertue & whay this was done  
Vertue commaunded frewyl before hym come

To whom thus he sayd I haue grete merneyll  
Ye durst be so bolde wytes parte to take  
Who had you do so & pauce you þ counseyll  
Justly vnto þ ye shall me prync make  
They sayd frewyl & swemfully spake  
Kneching on his knee w a chere benygne  
I pray you srr let pyte pour eyes to me enclpne

And I shall you tell the very loch of all  
How it was & who made me þ way drawe  
Forsooth Sensualyte his propre name they call  
A sayd Reson they knowe I well þ selowe  
Wyld he is & wanton of me stant hy nou a we  
Is he so qd vertue well he shall be taught  
As a playr sholde to drawe a nother draught

And wth þ cam Sadnesse w his lobre chere  
Dyrngng Sensualyte byng ful of thought  
And sayd þ he had take hym pryncer  
A welcom sayd vertue now haue I þ I sought  
Blessyd be þ good lord as þ wold is it nought  
Whi art þ so wanton & wyld he sayd for sham  
Er þ goo at large þ shalt be made more tame

Send a part anhyll epl I haue spoke a word

Wth frewyl a lypyl & they shalt þ knowe  
What shalbe thy synadice & they sayd in bord  
Vnto frewyl they dey of your howe  
Begynmeth to slabe but luche as ye haue lowe  
Must ye neede xpe there is none other waye  
Notwyrthstondyng þ let se what ye can saye

What is your habylpte me to recompence  
For the gret haime þ ye to me hane do  
Forsooth sayd frewyl in open audyence  
But only Macrocolme more haue I not lo  
Take that yf it pleyse you I woll þ it be so  
Yf I maye vndstonde ye be my good loide  
In dede sayd vertue to that woll I acorde

They made vertue reason his lychtinaunt  
& pauce hy a grete charge macrocolme to kepe  
That done sensualyte pelde hym recreaunt  
And began for angre hytterly to wepe  
For he deryd surely his sorowe shold not slepe  
They made vertue frewyl bayll vnd reason  
The felde to occupy to his behoue þ season

And then sayd vertue to sensualyte  
Thou shalt be rewarded for thy besynesse  
Vnder this fourme all fragylte  
Shalt thou forsake bothe more & lesse  
And vnd the gydng shalt þ be of sadnesse  
All though it somwhat be ayenst thy bert  
Thy Jugement is peuen þ shalt it not astert

And euey wth þ came to dame Nature  
Saying thus to vertue srr ye do me wronge  
By dwelle & constreyn to put this creatue  
Gentyll sensualyte þ hath me serued longe  
Clerely from his lyberte & let hym amonge  
Theym þ loue hym not to be ther vndlowte  
As it were a cast a way or a shoo clowte

And perde ye knowe well a rule haue I must  
Wth macrocolme forsooth I say not nay  
Qd vertu but sensualite shalnot pform your lul  
Lyke as he hath do before this yf I may



Therfro hym restreyn sadnesse shall assay  
How be it ye shall haue your hole lyberte  
Wychin macrocolme as ye haue had free

And whan vertue had to nature sayd thus  
A lyepll cyme his ey castyng hym besyde  
He sawe in a corner stondyng morpleus  
That hym before warnyd of the verly tyde  
A lyres sayd vertue yet we must abyde  
Here is a frende of oures may not be foryete  
After his deserte we shall hym entrete

Morpleus sayd vertue I thanke you herly  
For your true herte & your grete labour  
That ye lyst to come to me so redely  
Whan ye vnderstode the comyng of þe shour  
I thank god & you of sauyng of myn honour  
Wherfor this pryncplege now to you I graunt  
That whin macrocolme ye shal haue your haunt

And of .v. posternes the keyes shall ye kepe  
Lettyng in & out at them whom ye lyst  
As long as in macrocolme your sad wyll clype  
Whe whos ey ye wyll hardly w your myst  
And kepe your werkes close there as in a chyst  
Saaf I wold desyre you spare pollucyon  
For nothþge may me plese þe souneth to corrup

& whan he had th<sup>e</sup> sayd the keyes he h<sup>e</sup> toke  
And towarde his castell w his people went  
Biddeþg reasou take good hede & abowte loke  
That sensualyte by nature were not shent  
Kepe hym short he sayd tyll his lust be spent  
For better were a chyld to be vnboie  
Thay let h<sup>e</sup> haue the wyll & for ruer be loie

& whan olde attropos had seyn & herd all this  
How vertue had opteyned astonysed as he stood  
He sayd to hymself souerhat there is amys  
I troue well my patenr be not all good  
And ran to the palays as he had be wood  
Sayeng to the goddis I se ye do but Jape

After a worthy wher haue ye made me gape

How a deuyll way sholde I vertue ouerthrow  
Whan he dreydth not all your hole rowe  
How can ye mak gode your patenr wold I know  
It is to impossyble to bryng that abowte  
For stryke h<sup>e</sup> may I not þe is out of doute  
A good attropos sayd god appollo  
An answere conuenient shall þe haue her to

The wordes of thy patenspare I well say  
Stryke to no ferd but wher dame nature  
Hath Jurisdyccyon ther to haue thy way  
And largesse to stryke as longeth to thy cure  
And as for vertu he is no creatur  
Vnd thy pryncplement conteyned of quantyte  
Wherfore his distrucyon longeth not to the

A ha sayd attropos they see I well  
That all the goddis be but countrefete  
For oo god there is þe can curydell  
Come as hym lyst boche drye & wet  
In to whole scruple I shall assaye to gete  
And if I maye onys to his scrupel come  
Your names shall be put in oblyuon

Thus went attropos fro the palays wrooth  
But in the mene tyme whyle that he ther was  
Glydyng by þe palays reidyuacyon gooth  
Towarde macrocolme with a perynted face  
Clad lyke a pylgryme walkyng a grete pace  
In the forme as he had be a may of vnde  
He wend haue made relov & sadnes both blfde

Wpth sensualyte was he soone aquerynted  
To whom he declared his mater pryuely  
Yet he was clyped for all his face perynted  
They relov comanded hym pryke thens lye  
For his ease qd sadnesse so wylsell hym woll I  
So was sensualyte ay kepte vnder foote  
That to reidyuacyon myght he do no boote

They went he to nature & askyd her anyse

Advent to oportunitye what was best to doo  
As he sayd euer syth vertue of wyce was þe pyper  
Wherof is ladyshede hath ruled the felde so  
That he sensualyte may lye all for the doo  
For I may nomore but only kepe my cours  
And yet is sensualyte stranger kept & wound

Th' herfyg relidunacy frochens he went ayeu  
ful of thowt & sorowe þe he myght not spede  
They reloy & ladyshede toke wedehokes rwyv  
& al wylder wantons out of þe felde gay wede  
In all the sylper grasse þe growe of the seide  
That sensualyte before therin lewe  
And fro thens forth kept it clene for vertue

They began newe grasse in the felde to spryng  
All unlyke þe other of colour fayr & bryght  
But they I alpped a mercurious thyng  
for þe growde of þe felde gay were hore & white  
I coude not conceyue how þe he myght  
Till I was enformyd & taught it to know  
but wher vertue occupieth must nedes wel grow

Yet is meane tyme whyle the felde thus grew  
& icalon wyth ladyshede had therof gouernaunce  
Hamp a pryce messenger thys sent verrew  
To knowe yf it were gyded to his plesance  
Now praye est fastyng & oft tyme penance  
And whan he myght goo pryvely almesdece  
& had hy to his power helpe wher he se nece

Whyle þe felde thus rulyd icalon wyth ladyshede  
Hange dame nature for all her carnall myzt  
Lame thys attropos boyde of all gladnesse  
Wrappyd in his sheete & aryd yf ony wyght  
Londe wyth hy þe way to the lorde of lyght  
De ellys wher may myzt fynde ryghewynesse  
Forloch sayd icalon I knowe as I gelle

At vertues castell ye may looue him fynde  
Yf ye lyst the labour thyder to take  
And there shall ye knowe yf ye be not blynde

The next way to the lord of lyght I vndersteke  
So thyder went attropos percyon to make  
To ryghewynesse prayeng that he myght  
Betake us to the scrupel of the lorde of lyght

What sayd ryghewynesse þe olde dotyng foole  
Whom hast þe serued syth the worlde began  
But only hym where hast þe goo to scole  
Whether art þe double or ellys the same may  
That þe were first a syr sayd he thau  
I praye you herly holde me excusyd  
I am olde & feble my wyttis are dyslud

Wel sayd ryghewynesse for almoche as thou  
knowest not thi master thy nam shal I chaunge  
Deth shal þe be called from hent forward now  
Among all the people þe shalbe had straunge  
But whan þe begynnest to make thy chalaunge  
Dread shalt thou be where to thou become  
And to no creatur shalt þe be welcome

And for them whom þe dydest serue  
for as moche as they presume on them to take  
þe hyght name of god they shal as they deserue  
Therefore be rewarded I dare vndersteke  
In paye perpetuell among sendes blake  
And ther names shall be put to oblypion  
Among men but it be in derisyon

A ha sayd attropos now begyn I were glad  
That I shal thus auenged of them be  
Syth they so long tyme haue made me so mad  
Pe quod ryghewynesse here what I say to the  
The lorde of lyght sent the word by me  
That in macrocolme sesyne shall thou take  
Wherfore thy darte redy loke thou make

And as soone as vertue þe vnderstode  
He sayd he was pleyd þe it holde so be  
And eury forthwyth he commaunded presthode  
To make hym redy the felde for to se  
So thyder went presthode wyth benygnyte



Conueryng thyder the blessed sacrament  
Of Eucharist but fyrst were thyder sent

Confessyon contricion & sacrisfaccyon  
Sorrow for synne & grete repentance  
holy deuocyon wryth good disposycyon  
All thysle thyder came & also penaunce  
As her deuote was to make purgance  
Agayn the conyng of that blessed loide  
fayth hope & charyte ther to were acorde

Reason w sadnesse dyde his dylgence  
To cleanse the felde wrythyn & wrythout  
And whan they se the bodily preience  
Of h holy Eucharist lowly gay they loute  
So was h loide receyued out of doute  
Wryth all hülle there debonayre & benygne  
Lpely to his plecture it was a gret sygne

They came to h felde the mynster fynall  
Calyd holy vncōn wryth a culmatōy  
The fyue hys wapes in especyall  
Therof he anoynted & made is sanctuary  
Whom folowed deeth whyche wolde not tary  
his feruent power there to put to vie  
As he was cōmaūded graūtyng dame nature

he toke his darte callyd his mortall laūce  
And bent his stroke towarde the felde herte  
That seeng presthode had good remembraūce  
Towarde the felde tome hym & aduerse  
fo. except hym all vertues therse must sterse  
And cūyd which h deeth there sepyne toke  
And then all the company clerly it forsoke

And as soone as deeth th<sup>o</sup> had sepyne take  
The colour of the felde was chaūged sodenly  
The grasse therin seie as thowh it had be bake  
And the fyue hys wapes were mixed vpon hy  
h fro thensforwarde none entie sholde therby  
The posternes were also without lette  
Bothe Inwarde & outward fyne fast sette

Whyche done sodenly deeth vanysht away  
And vertu exaltyd was aboue the firmament  
Wher he toke the crowne of glory h is ay  
Preparate by Alpha & oo omnyppotent  
*Nota* h I wete frute of macrocolme thys w h<sup>o</sup> went  
And on all this mater as I stode mūlyng thus  
Agayn fro the felde to me came morpheus

Sapeng th<sup>o</sup> what there how libere h this fyrst  
halt thou seer ynough or wyl h se more  
Nay syre I sayd my trouth I you plyght  
This is suffpcent pf I knowe wherfore  
This was to me shewed for therof the lout  
Conuerye I to haue pf I gette myght  
folowe me qd he and haue thy delyghe

So I hym folowed tyll he had me brought  
To a fowelgare herber walled runde aboute  
Loo qd morpheus here mayst I that h soughe  
fynde pf thou wyl I put the out of doute  
A lypyll whyle we stode styll ther wrythoute  
Tyll wytte theyt porter of h herber gate  
Requyred by stude lete vs in there ate

But whan I came I meruelpd gretly  
Of that I behelde & herde ther reporte  
for fyrst in a chaire apparaylled rally  
Ther late dame doctrine her chylde to chorte  
And about her was many a sondry lorte  
Some wyllyng to lerne dyuers scyence  
And some for to haue pertyce Intelligence

Crowned she was lyke an emperesse  
w. iij. crownes stondyng on her heed on hy  
All thynge abowde her ay Infynyte procelle  
Wete to declare I tell you certaynly  
Neuthelesse some in mynde therof haue I  
Whych I shal to you as god wyl geue me grace  
As I lade and herde tell in short space

fast by doctrine on that one syde  
As I remembre late holy terte

That opened his mouth to the people wyde  
But not in charyte to gloze þe late nexte  
Moralizacyon wyth a cloke contrite  
Sate & scripture was scride to them all  
He saie wytyng of þe that sholde fall

Thise were those that I there knewe  
By no maner waye of olde acquyntaunce  
But as I before sawe them wyth verewe  
Company in seide & haupnge dalyaunce  
And as I thus stode halfe in a traunce  
Whyle they were occupied in ther besynesse  
Abowte the walles myn eyes gan I drewe

Where I behelde the meruelous story  
That euer yet I sawe in ony ppycture  
For on the walles was made memory  
Synghularly of euery creature  
That there had be bothe forme & stature  
Whose names reherce I woll as I can  
Deynge them to mynde in ordre euery man

Fist to begynne there was in portraiture  
Adam & Eve holdyng an appyl rounde  
Noe in a ship & Abraham haupng sure  
A synelshoon in his honde & Isaac lay bounde  
So as highe mount Jacob sleppng sounde  
And a longe ladder stode hym besyde  
Joseph in a cistene was also there þe tyde

Next whom stode Moses with his tables two  
Aaron & Brie his armes supportyng  
Ely in a burnyng chare was there also  
And Elye stode clad in an hermytes clothyng  
Dauid wyth an harpe & a shewlyng  
Nave Jerem and Ezechell  
And cladyd wyth Lyons holy Danyell

Mathe Micher wyth Malachy  
And Jonas out of a whales body comyng  
Samuel in a couple & holy zachary  
Besyde an aunter all bloody stondyng

Dyce wyth Judyth stode there conspyryng  
The dech of Dloferne & Salomon also  
A chyld wyth his swerde dyuydyng in two

Many mo prophetes certenly there were  
Whose names now come not to my mynde  
Melchisedech also aspyred I there  
Bude & wyne offrynge as sell to his kynde  
Joachym & Anna stode all behynde  
Embraced in armys to the golden gate  
And holy John Baptist in a desert late

And now comyng to my remembraunce  
I am auyled I sawe Sodechy  
And Amos also wyth sobre countenaunce  
Stondyng wyth her faces towarde Sophory  
Necmpe & Eldras bare them company  
The holy man Job as an Impotent  
They folowed in ppycture w Thoby pacient

These wyth many mo on þe one syde  
Of figure herber portrayed were  
A lady Morpleus a lypyl tyme abyde  
Tounne thy face where thy backe was ere  
And beholde well what thou seest there  
Then I me tomyd as he me badde  
Wyth her stedfast & coustenaunce ladd

Where I sawe Peter wyth his keyes stonde  
Poul wyth a swerde James also  
W a scalop & Thomas holdyng in his honde  
A lpyce & philipp aproched hym to  
James the lesse next them in ppycture lo  
Stode w Barthilmeu whyche was all flayn  
Symon & Thader shewed hou they wei flayn

Mathe & Barnabe drawyng lottys stode  
Next whom was mark a lyon hym by  
His boke holdyng & Mathew in his mode  
Resemlyd an angell w wynges gloriously  
Luke had a calfe to holde his boke on hy  
And John w a cuppe & palme in his honde



An eagle bare his boke th<sup>o</sup> sawe I hem stonde

Gregori & Jerome austyn & Ambrose  
W<sup>h</sup> pylons on ther bedes stode lyke doctours  
Bernarde w<sup>th</sup> Anselme & as I suppose  
Thomas of Aquine & Dominik confessours  
Benet & h<sup>er</sup>o icleigous gouernours  
Martyne & John w<sup>th</sup> b<sup>is</sup>hop tweyne  
Were there also & Crisostome certeyne

Behynde all thyle was worshypfull Bede  
All behynde & next him stode Origen  
Hyping his face as he of his dede  
Had them ashamed y<sup>e</sup> wote what I mene  
For of errour was he not all cleue  
And on that lyde stode there last of all  
The noble prophetilla Sybyll men her call

Let me remembre now I yon pray  
My brayne is so thynne I deme in myn hert  
Some of the selfhypp<sup>h</sup> I there lay  
In all this whyle haue I ouerlert  
A benedicti none ere cowde I aduert  
To th<sup>is</sup>ke on Andrew the apostle w<sup>h</sup> his crosse  
Whome to forgette were a grette losse

Many one moos were peynted on y<sup>e</sup> walle  
Whos names now come not to remembraunce  
But thyle I markyd in espyall  
And moos cowde I telle in contynuaunce  
Of tyme but for to shewe you the substaunce  
Of this matere in the myddes of y<sup>e</sup> herbere  
Sate doctryne coloured as ony cristall cleue

Crowned as I tolde you late here before  
Whooos apparayll was worth trelour Intynyt  
All erthly rycheffe count I noo more  
To y<sup>e</sup> in coparyson valewying than a myt  
Durt her heed houer a culuer sayr & whyt  
Durt of whos bylle proceded a grette leme  
Dowward to doctryne lyke a sonne beame

The wordes of doctryne yane grette redolence

In swetnes of labour to her discyples all  
It ferre exceeded myrie & frankelence  
Or ony other tree spyce or ellys gall  
& whan she me aspyed anone she gay me call  
& comaunded moyle<sup>h</sup> y<sup>e</sup> he shold bring me nete  
For she wold me shew the effect of my desyre

She sayd I knowe the cause of thy comyng  
Is to vndirstonde by myn enformaciō  
Sensibly the matere of moyle<sup>h</sup> shewing  
As he hath the ledde abowte in vylson  
Wherefore now I apply thy naturall realon  
Vnto my wordes & et thou hens wende  
Thou shalt it know begynnynge & ende

First where Colus to pluto was brought  
By his owne nedrgence taken pr<sup>is</sup>onere  
W<sup>th</sup>in the c<sup>ir</sup>c<sup>u</sup>le for he to ferre lought  
Synnyfied is nomore by th<sup>is</sup> matere  
But oonly to shewe the how it dooth apere  
That welch vnbrayd<sup>ed</sup> dayli at thyn cy  
Encressyth mystrule & oft causyth folp

For lyke as Col<sup>us</sup> bring at his large  
Streipted hyself th<sup>ru</sup>gh his owne lewdnesse  
For he wolde deale where he had no charge  
Ryght so wantons by ther wylldnesse  
Ofte tyme bringe themself in distresse  
By cause they somtyme to largely deale  
What may woe be suffred thā ouermoch wele

By mynos the Juge of hell desperat  
May be vndirstonde goddis rygh<sup>te</sup>wysnes  
That to euery w<sup>or</sup>ght his payne deputate  
Assygneth accordyng to his wyckednes  
Wherefore he is callyd Juge of cruelnes  
And as for dyana & neptunus compleyne  
Fygured may be fooles realon seynt

For lyke as they made ther suggestyon  
To haue me colus from cours of his kynde  
Whych was impossyble to bringe to conec<sup>ti</sup>on  
For euermore his lyberte haue woll the wynde

In lyke wyse folowes ocher whyle he bynde  
Wenynge to subdew wyth ther othere honde  
That is overmoche for any hoole londe

But what foloweth therof I shal I here  
Whan they were come to the bankete  
The grete appollo wyth his lad chere  
Hoo saye & curteisly gav them enterte  
That he made ther berdes on the new gete  
For what wysdome dooth to a foole  
Wherefore are chyldren put to scole

Ofte is it seyn wyth sobre countenaunce  
That wyle men foolcs overcome ay  
Tounyng as they lyst & all ther variaunce  
Chaunge from ernest to mery play  
What were they both amended that day  
Whan they were dryven to ther wyttes ende  
Were they not feyke to graunt to be his frende

Right so foolcs whan they haue done  
All that they can they be they sayne  
Geue by ther maier to oblyuone  
Wout reward they haue nomore brayne  
And yet full oft hath it be layn  
Whan they it haue forpette & let at nought  
I they full dere haue afterwarde it bought

And as for all cho that repesent  
To be callid goddys at that bankete  
Resemble falsc ydolys but to this entent  
Was morple comaunded chyder the to set  
That I sholdest knowe the maner & the get  
Of the paynym lawe & of thes byleue  
How falsc ydolatri ledyth them by the sleue

For soone vpon the worldis creatiō  
Whan adam & eue had broke the precept  
Whiche clerkes calle the tyme of deuyniō  
The worldly people in paynym lawe slept  
Till moyses vnd god the tables of stoon kept  
To whiche tyme poetes scryued many a fable

To dyscrete reason ryght acceptable

And to the entent that they sholde sounde  
To the eres of them the more pleasandly  
I them shold rede or here they paue them a gio  
And added names vnto them naturallly  
Of whom they spake & callid them goddys by  
Some for I strength & myst of ther nature  
And some for ther subtyll wytte coniecture

By nature thus as the seuen planettes  
Haue ther propre names by astronomers  
But goddys were they callid by olde poetes  
For ther grete veruency of werkynge in ther speres  
Expyerence pryncyth this at al peres  
And for as ocher that goddys callid be  
For subtyll wytte that shal I teche the

How they by that hye name of god can  
In this sayd tyme the people was so rude  
That what maner creatur may or woman  
Lowde ony nouelte contynue & conclude  
For the comyn wele all the multiplyue  
Of the comyn people a god sholde hym call  
Or a goddesse after it was fall

Of the same thyng that was so newe founde  
As Ceres for she the crafte of tylch fonde  
Wherby more plentiously come dyde haboude  
The people her callid thrugh out euery londe  
Goddess of corne wenynge in her honde  
Had layn all power of cornes habundaunce  
Ther were I paynens dyscreued by pgnoraunce

In lyke maner Ilys was callid the goddesse  
Of frute for she fyrst made it multiply  
By the name of grassyng & so by procelle  
The name of payn gay to deysy  
For he fyrst founde the meyn shepe to guy  
Some toke it also by ther condyciō  
As pluto fortune & suche ocher doon

Thys all I poetes put vnder couerure



Of fable the rural people it tolke  
Properly as acte refuſyng the ſygure  
Whyche erroure ſome of them neuer forſohe  
Of a fals myrrour diſceyue a mannyſ loke  
As thou mayſt daly proue at thyn e  
Thus were the papyrnyſ diſceyued generally

That ſeenge the dee dly enemy of mankynde  
By his power permyſſyue entred the ymages  
Wit the temples to make the people blynde  
In ther ydolaty ſtondyng on hyghe ſtages  
In ſo moche who vſyd dangerous paſſages  
Ony maner way by water or by londe  
Whan oyd his ſacrifice his anſwere redy fonde

Thus duryng the tyme of deuyacyon  
From Adam to Moyses was ydolaty  
Thyngh the worlde vſyd in comyn oppnyon  
Thyle were the goddys & thou there ly  
And as for the anapters & ſode them by  
They polyphe phyloſophers & poetes were  
Whyche ſeyned the fables & I ſpeke of here

They ſellid the tyme of deuyacyon  
Whan Moyses receyued the tables of ſtone  
Entyng the tyme of reuocacyon  
On the mount of ſynay ſtondyng alone  
God gaue hym myght agayn all his ſone  
And then began the olde teſtament  
Whyche to the people by Moyses was ſent

And that tyme dured to the Incarnacyon  
Of Criſt & then began it to leſſe  
For then came the tyme of reconſylacyon  
Of man to god I telle the doubtleſſe  
Whan the ſone of man put hym in preſſe  
Wylfully to ſuffre deſth for mankynde  
In holy ſcripture this mayſt thou fynde

This reconſylacyon was the tyme of grace  
Whan ſoude was & chyrche vpon & fayr ſtone  
And to holy peter the keye deliuerd was  
Of heuyn they belle dyſpolled was anone

Thus was makpude deliuerd from his ſone  
And then began the newe teſtament  
That the cryſten people bylene in preſent

Whyche thre tymes alondry druped  
Mayſt thou here ſe yf thou lyſt beholde  
The fyrſt behynde the in ppycture in prouyded  
The ſecond of & h ſe honde ſhew prophete olde  
The .iii. on & ryght honde her it is to & tolde  
Thus haſt & in vſypon the very ſygure  
Of thyle .iii. tymes here ſhewed in poſturytue

That is to ſay fyrſt of deuyacyon  
From Adam to Moyses recordyng ſcripture  
Seconde fro Moyses to the Incarnacyon  
Of Criſt keepeth reuocacyons cure  
And as for the thyrde & mayſt be very ſure  
Wyll dure from thens tyll the worldes ende  
But now the .iii. muſt & haue in mynde

Whyche is callid properly ſtyne of pylgrima  
After ſome & ſome name it othertwyle <sup>ge</sup>  
And call it the tyme of dangerous paſſage  
And ſomtyme of werte & fully it diſpre  
But what ſo it be named I woll the auple  
Remembre it well & prynte it in thy mynde  
Wherof the ſygure mayſt & me behynde

And elles remembre thyſelf in thyn herte  
How vyc & vertue daly them occupy  
In maner out of them hym to peruerſe  
A nother to byng hym to endles glory  
Thus they contynue fygth for the vycory  
It is no nede herof to telle the more  
For in this ſhort diſpoſ & haſt ſeyd it before

And as for attropos grynous compleynt  
Unto the goddys betokenyth noo more  
But oonly to ſhewe & how frendly conſeynt  
On a ſtedfaſt herte weryth full ſore  
Gode wyll requyeth good wyll ayen therfore  
Dyſcorde to deſth hath ay beu a frende  
For dyſcorde byngeth many to ther ende

Wherfore desyre thought he wolde amended be  
By his frendes quarrell yf that he myghte  
For her grete unkyndnesse to somache as the  
Was amonge they all had so to despyre  
And at banter made of soo lyte  
Whiche caused hy among the to cast in a bone  
To shewe them gnatyng ynough entychone.

Thus ofte is seyn so frende for a nother  
Wyll say & doo & somtyme matters seyne  
And also hymselfe a colyne or a brocher  
Wyll for his altyr he haue cause compleyne  
And wher he loueth do his bely peyne  
His frendes mater as his owne to take  
Whiche ofte causeth moche sorowe awake

Be it ryght or wrong he chargeth not a myte  
As towarde he poynt he taketh lytyll hede  
So he maye haue his frowarde appetyte  
Performed he careth not how his soule spede  
Of god or demyll haue suche lytyll drede  
How be it one there is that loude is of all  
Whiche to cury wyght at last rewarde shall

As for the batayll betwene vyce & vertu holde  
As playnly appereth to the Inwardly  
To make expositiō therof newe or olde  
Wet but superfluyte therfore refuse it I  
To man shal thou synde he were kepte daly  
Lyte as he shall seyn u fowen before thy face  
He pfectur me behynde the wyth it in lytyll space

And for macrocosme it is nomore to say  
But the lesse wolde to the comyn entent  
Whiche applyed is to man both nyght & day  
As in man the felde to whiche all were sent  
So bothe partys & they he thither went  
Synnfully nomore but after the condycō  
Of cury mānes oppynyon

And as for the noble kynge perseneraunce  
Whiche gate he fride whay it was almost gone  
Betwene hym nomore but the contynuaunce

Of vertuous luyngge tyll deeth hath overgone  
Who so woll do rewarde is anone  
As vertue was wyth the crowne on hy  
Whiche is nomore but euerlastyng glory

And as for prestience & predestinacyō  
That eche of them rewarded after his desert  
Is to vnderstonde nomore but dampnacyō  
To vyceous people is the very scourge smert  
Rewarde for they fro vertue wolde peruert  
And endlesse Joye is to them he deu electe  
Rewarded & to all he folowe the same secte

And as for the hepes of the posternes syue  
Whiche wer to morple rewarde for his labour  
Synnfully not elles but whyle may is on lyue  
His syue inwarde wyttes shall be euery hour  
In his slepe occupied in bele & to langour  
Wyth fantasmes trifles Illusions & dremes  
Whiche poetes call morpleus thremes

And as for reliduaryō is nomore to say  
But after confessiō comyng aye to synne  
Whiche to euery man retourneth launty delay  
To vyceous luyngge agayn hym to synne  
Whyle ony man lyueth woll it neuer blynn  
That curlyd conclusiō for to bryng aboute  
But reasoyn wyth sadnesse kepe it styll oute

Here hast thou properly the very sentence  
Herde now declaryd of this dyspon  
The pecture also reueth cleer Incellygence  
Therof beholde wyth good dyscrecyō  
Loke well abowte & take consyderaō  
As I haue declared whether it so be  
A lyt qd morpleus what tolde I the

Hast thou not thyne hertes desyre  
Loke on yow wall ponder before  
And all that tyme stode I to a wyre  
Whiche way first myn hert wolde yere more  
To loke to a stody stode I therfore  
Netherlesse at last as morpleus me hadde



I lokyd forward wpyth contenaunce sadde

Where I behelde thy portraiture  
The manere of the felde euen as it was  
Shewed me before & eueny creature  
On bothe sydes beyng drawen in small space  
Soo curpously in so lytyll a compase  
In all this worlde was neuer thyng wroughte  
It were impossyble in erthe to be thoughte

And whan I had longe behelde þy pecture  
What qd morpleus how long shalt þy loke  
Daryng as a dastarde on yow portraiture  
Come of for shame thy wytte stant a croke  
I heryng that myn herte to me toke  
Toward þy fourth wall turnyng my vylage  
Where I sawe poetes & philosphers sage

Many one moo than at the bancket  
Serued the goddess as I sayd before  
Som were made stondyng & som in charys set  
Som lokyng on bokis as they had stndyed sot  
Som drawyng almenakis & in ther hodes bot  
Alyrlabes takyng the altitude of the sonne  
Amonge whom dyogenes late in a forme

And as I was lokyng on that fourth wall  
Of dyogenes beholdyng the ymage  
Sodeynly doctryne began me to call  
And had me come toward her my vylage  
And so then I dyde wpyth humble corage  
What thykest þy she sayd hast þy not content  
Yet of thyle fowre walles what they represent

The picture on the fyrst þy stondith at my bak  
Shewyth þy pient tyme of pylgrymage  
Of whyche before I vnto the spak  
Whyche is the tyme of daungerous passage  
The seconde discretly agayne my vylage  
The tyme expiellyth of deuyacy  
Whyche paynyne lawe had the domynacy

The thyrde walle stondyng on my lyfte hand  
The tyme representyng of ienocacy  
And the fourth stondyng on my ryght hand  
Determineth the tyme of reconcyfacy  
This is the effecte of thy vylage  
Wherefore the nedeth nomore theron to mule  
It were but deyne thy wyttes to defule

But duryng the tyme of reconcyfacy  
Thy tyme of pylgrymage loke well þy spende  
And then well gracyous priedestynacy  
Bryng the to glory at thy last ende  
And euen wpyth þy came to my mynde  
My fyrst conclusyon that I was aboute  
To haue dreuen ex slepe made me to loute

That is to say how sensualyte  
Wherason to acorde myght be brought aboute  
Whyche caused me to knede doune on my lme  
And desche doctryne determine þy doute  
O lord god sayd doctryn canst þy not withoute  
We that conclusyon bryng to an ende  
Ferre is fro the wytte & farther good mende

And euen wpyth þy deth gay appert  
Shewyng hymself as though þy be wolde  
His dart haue occupyd wpyth þy herbert  
But there was none for hym yonger nor olde  
Sane onoly I doctryne hym tolde  
And whan I herde her w hym comyng thus  
I me wythdrew behynde morpleus

Dredyng full sore lest he wpyth his dart  
Thurgh doctrynes wordes ony entelle  
In me wolde haue had on claymed ony part  
Whyche sholde haue causid me grete beynelle  
Wpyth whyche tyme & short procelle  
Came thyder realon & sensualyte  
A quod doctryne ryght welcome be ye

It is not longe syth we of you spake  
Ye must er you goo determine a doute

And euen wryth that she the mater brake  
To theym & tolde it eueri where aboute  
I wolde haue be thens yf I had mouthe  
For fere I lokyd as blacke as a cole  
I wolde haue copeny in a mous hole

What quod doctryne where is he no w  
That meynd this matere straunge & dyffuile  
He is a coward I make myn auow  
He hydeh his herte his mocyn to refuse  
Blame hyf not qd realon alway h to vse  
Whan he seeth dech so nere at his honde  
It is his part hym to wythstande

De at the lest way elles fro hym flee  
As long as he may who doch othertwyle  
Is an Idoote quod sensualyte  
Who dredyth not deche wyle men hym dyspyle  
What sayd doctryne how long hath this gyle  
Beholde & vse d thus arwyte pou cweyne  
Ye were not wote to acorde certeyne

Yes quod realon in this poynt alway  
To eueri man haue we pcur our counsayll  
Deche for to flee as long as they may  
All thowh we othertwyle haue don our trauayll  
Eche othet to repelle yet wythoute sayll  
In that poynt donly dyscorde we reuer  
Thus condescended therin be we for euer

A ha sayd doctryne they is the conclusyon  
Clerey determynd of the grete doute  
That here was meynd & half in dyspoy  
She me they callyd & had me loke oute  
Come forth she sayd & fere not this route  
And euen wryth h realon & sensualyte  
And dech fro thens were danyshed all thre

They lobed I forth as doctryne me had  
Whan dech was gone me thought I was holde  
To sheue myself but yet I was sad  
Me thoughter my doute was not as I wolde

Clerey & openly declaryd & tolde  
It lownded to me as a parable  
Derke as a myste or a feyned fable

And doctryne my conceyte gay elpy  
Wherfore sayd she stondest thou loo styll  
Wheris is thy thought art thou in study  
Of thy questyon hast thou not thy fyll  
To the declared tell me thy wyll  
Herdest thou not realon & sensualyte  
Declared thy dought here before the

forlothe quod I I herde what they sayde  
But neuerthelesse my wytte is so thynne  
And also of deche I was so astryde  
That it is out where it went inne  
And so h matere can I not wyne  
Wythout pour helpe & benyuolence  
Therof to expresse the very sentence

Well qd doctryne they pcur attendaunce  
Unto my wordes & thou shalt here  
Openly declared the concordauce  
Arwene sensualyte & realon in fere  
Yf h take hede it clerey dooth appere  
How they were knytte in one oppynyon  
Bothe apenst deche helde contradiccion

Whyche concordauce nomore signyfich  
To playn vnderstondyng but in eueri mane  
Both sensualyte & realon applyeth  
Rather deche to flee thay w it to be tane  
Loe in h poynt accorde they hooly chane  
And in all othet they clerey dyscorde  
Th<sup>e</sup> is truly set thy doutfull monarcorde

I heryng that knelyd on my kne  
And thanked her lowely for her dyscypline  
That she vouchesauf of her benygnyte  
Of the grete doubtes me to enlumyne  
Well was she worthy to be callyd doctryne  
Yf it had be nomore but for the solusyon



Of my demaunde & of this straunge dyspon

And as I wyth myne hede began for to bowe  
As me well ought to do her reuerence  
She thens departyd. I can not tell how  
But wythin a moment gone was she thens  
They sayd morpleus lere vs go hens  
What sholde we here tary lengere  
Hast þ not heide a generall answere

To all thy maters that þ lyst to mene  
My tyme drawyth nere that I must rest  
And euen therwyth he toke me by the sleue  
And sayd goo we hens for þ holde I best  
As good is ynough as a grette fest  
Thou hast seyn ynough holde the conten  
And euen w that forth wyth hym I went

Till he had me brought aye to my bedde  
Where he me founde & then pryvely  
He stole away I coude not vnderstande  
Where he became but sodeynly  
As he came he went I tell you verily  
Whychedone fro slepe I gay to awake  
My body all in swet gay for to shake

for drede of the syght that I had sene  
Wenyng to me all had be tiew  
Acturlylly done where I had bene  
That batayll holde twene dyce & vertew  
But whay I se it was but a whew  
A dreame a fantasie & a thyng of nought  
To studey theron I had nomoie thought

Till at the last I gay me bechynke  
for what cause shewyd was this dyspon  
I knewe not wherfore I toke penne & ynke  
And paper therof to make mencyon  
In wrytyng takyng consyderacyon  
That no defawte were founde in me  
Wheron accused I ought for to be

for clough þ I had left it vntolde

Neither by mouthe nor in remembrance  
Put it in wrytyng where though many tolde  
Wayes of accusacyon mixt to me to grieve  
All this I sawe as I laye in a traile  
But whether it was w myn ey bodily  
Or not in criteyn god knowyth & not I

That to dyscerne I purpose not to dele  
So large by my wyll it longyth not to me  
Were it dreame or dyspon for your owne wele  
All that shall it rede here it rad or le  
Take therof the best & let the worst be  
Try out the come clene from the chaff  
And then may ye say ye haue a sure staff

To stonde by at nede if ye woll it holde  
And walke by the waye of vertues lore  
But alway beware be ye pongt or olde  
That your freewyll ap to vertue more  
Applye thay to dyce the casper may be bore  
The burden of the felde that ye darly syght  
Spent your .iij. ennyes for all ther gret myght

That is to say the dewyll & the flesche  
And also the worlde wyth his glosyng chere  
Whychedone on you lokyth euen nede & flesche  
But he is not as he dooth appere  
Lokt ye hepe you ay out of his daungere  
And loo the dyctory shall ye obteyne  
Dyce fro you cryled & vertue in you reyne

And then shall ye haue þ tryuphall guerdon  
That god reseruet to euery creature  
Aboue in his celestiyall mansyon  
Joye & blyss Insynye eternally to endure  
Wherof we saye we wolde feyne be sure  
But the waye thidwarde to holde be we lothe  
þ ofte syche cansteth þ gode lord to be wrothe

And by our deserte our habytacyon chaigeth  
fro Joye to payn & woo perpetually  
From his glorious syght th<sup>e</sup> he vs chaigeth

For our wylfulnes buying though our wylfulnes  
Wherfore let us praye to that lord of glory  
Wherfore we do crye he & he will geue us grace  
And he will be our guide & we may haue a place

Wherfore to our regentacyon

Wherfore heuynly spryng his name to magnify  
Wherfore he is descended for our redempcyon  
Wherfore he is on the crosse to his fad on hy

Now benygne Ihesu & borne was of Mary  
All & to this day haue geuey ther audyence  
Graunte eternall Joye after thy last sentence

A M E N

Thus endeth this lxxviii moralized treatyse  
compiled by day John Lydgat somtyme mon  
ke of Bury on whose soule god haue mercy.





